homes and fortune in the states. In those

days transatiantic steamers were not num-

erous, the first regular line, the Cunarders, having been established only nine years before, and thousands of immigrants were

having been established only nine years before, and thousands of immigrants were transported in the famous salling packets of the time. Six weeks later the Ayrshire was off the port of destination in the midst of a northeast tempest, which rolled and pitched her about with great fury.

About midnight of January 12, 1850, she struck bottom with terrific force, heeled over toward the beach and the sea began to sweep over her sides in great volumes that drenched and terrified all on board. Many of the passengers were women and

Many of the passengers were women and children, who were either crowded into one of the small deck houses or lashed to the

on the small deck houses or lashed to the balwarks and rigging to prevent their being swept overboard. The night was dark and bitter cold and for two hours despair reigned on board, for there was little hope that the ship would hold together until morning and no hope of escape should she go to pieces before that time.

However, about two hours after she struck, the half frantic company beheld a

struck, the half frantic company beheld a sound as of a muffled cannon, and a minute later heard a heavy iron ball crash on board. That was the ball referred to. Attached to it was a life line that was to be the means of rescuing all save one of the entire number on the Ayrshire. A larger line was soon drawn to the ship by the sailors, and then came the life car, then a new and untried device. It was a small iron host covering the sailors and the sailors and the sailors and the sailors.

tried device. It was a small from boat cov-ered over so that it was very nearly alike en both sides, and having in the top an

en both sides, and having in the top an opening through which persons to the number of six or seven could crawl and then shut themselves up, when they would be hauled ashore. To some of the more timid the remedy seemed almost as bad as the disease, but all finally concluded that in the little ark was to be found their only safety, and eventually all save one were taken to the land without the smallest mishap. The person lost was a Mr. Bell of New York

person lost was a Mr. Bell of New York whose sister and her two or three daughters

had been placed in the car and were about to be sent ashore when he insisted upon ac-

for him inside the car he foolishly under

ook to cling to the outside of it, and, as a

rowned.

tion at Omaha.

matter of course, was washed off and

Soon after the storm was over the hulk

of the wreck began to settle down in the

sand and was finally wholly covered up.

heavy gale set up a strong current along

There it lay for twenty-three years, when

to view. A party of wreckers were soon or

board and in searching the cabin came across the old mortar ball. There was no doubt of its identity, and it

was returned to the companionship of the little mortar which sent it whizzing seaward on its errand of humanity more than twenty years before. Since the recovery of the ball it and the mortar have been on

exhibition at all the great interstate and international expositions. At present they are awaiting transportation to the exposi-

When the Ayrsilire was wrecked the life-saving service of the United States, now

so important, was little more than a name

and many a ship's company was thereafter

lost on the black and ugly coasts of Long Island and New Jersey. It is known that during the twenty years

from 1850 to 1870 as many lives were lost by shipwreck on the two coasts named as were lost under the present life-saving sys-

tem in the next twenty years on all the ocean and lake coasts of the entire coun-

The old life car has been superseded by

small, as is usually the case, it is much the

A modern line-firing gun, too, has taken the place of the old mortar. This gun is the invention of Capt. B. A. Lyle of the United States army and a

zeelous member of the life-saving board on devices for rescuing the shipwrecked. To its design and perfection he devoted shim-

self as to a labor of love, and with the result that today the life-saving service of the United States has the most far-reach-

the United States has the most far-reaching gun and the best equipments pertinent to it of any similar establishment in the world—the gun, the powder, shot and line being manufactured expressly for it.

The old round shot and mortar had their day and are entitled to respectful attention and the gratifule of many a request.

tion and the gratitude of many a rescued castaway, but the Lyle gun, with its extended range and unfailing reliability, is as much ahead of the old-time appliance as

the modern cannon is in advance of the

NOTED FOR BEAUTY.

"I'll tell you one thing," said the young

man stenographer from the west, who got

his job in one of the departments recently

and who has been noticing things pretty

carefully since he came to Washington,

'this burg's got the prettiest set of school

eachers I ever saw anywhere, and that's

no lie. Out where I come from, say, the

school teachers have got faces as hard as

mallets and glassy stares, and a general

freezy way about 'em that makes a fellow

that meets up with one of 'em feel like he's

about seven years old and in the third

grade all over again. And, honest, they

all seem to me to be about eighty-five years old, at that. It's the same in a whole lot of other big towns in the south and

west that I've worked in. Well, when I struck this town a friend of mine took me to his boarding house that's right next

door to a big school house. My room's second-story front room, and commands

view of the entrance to the school, and

say, the second morning that I was there I looked out of the window just about a quarter of an hour before school 'took in,

and, gee whiz, I saw a procession of pretty fresh-looking, swell, stylishly dressed young

women a-streeling up the steps of that school house that made me think I was taking an Easter Sunday turnout. "'Say,' says I to my room mate, who's

says says I to my room mate, who's a Washington man born and bred, 'what do you make o' this parade of almighty pretty girls a-walking up those school house steps? Is it a high school and are they pupils, or what the dickens, anyhow?'

"Pupils, nothing!" says he. They're teachers.'

teachers. 'State of course, well, I gave him the hoot, of course, but he stuck to W so seriously that I, or course, had to believe him.

"'Well,' says 11to him, finally, 'they're the pick of all the school teachers in town, then, sent down here because it's a down-

pretty. There aim't anything but fine-looking folks living in Washington, anyhow,

Characteristic of the School Teachers of Washington.

ancient carronade.

ompanying them. As there was no room

"We meet up with some very queer peo ple in our line of business," said the conductor of a yellow car on the Metropolitan line, a day or two ago, to a Star reporter, "but one of the queerest struck me last

- 3

"It was on the down trip, and we were on Connecticut avenue, below Dupont Circle, when one of these bang-up women, whose hames get printed in the society columns of the papers about seven days out of six got aboard the car. It so happened that we were running light, and, having very few stops to make, were going siew, in order not to overrun our time and bump hith the green car ahead. We were making just as good time, of course, as if we had had to stop at every corner and tien run like the mischief between corners, but the woman I was telling you about was evidently nervous because we weren't geing faster. I suppose she had bids to a whole let of 5 o'clock teas all along the line, and was afraid she might have to everlook one or two. At any rate she beckened to me, and I went inside.

" 'Aren't we going very slow, conductor?" "I explained to her how things were, and that we were really making better time than if we had had more stops to make.
"But don't the green car behind us run
faster than this?" she asked.

"Yes'm.' I told her, 'cause I wasn't going to let her outdo me in foolishness.
"Then I would really save a good deal of time if I should get off this car and take the green car when it comes along?"
"Yes, indeed, you would, if you've got
any great distance to go, says I as polite

as you please.
"Thank you for your courtesy, conductor,' says she, 'and I will remember what say in future." 'Now, wasn't that foolishness for you?

But, would you believe it, I have passed that same woman three times since on Connecticut avenue, and every time she has let my car go by and has taken the green car after us, in the calm satisfaction that she was going to get down town a whole heap sooner. * * * * *

"For one man to capture a whole battery is a pretty good piece of work, isn't it? asked Major Abbott, one of the good-natured door tenders at the Senate, the other

His partner, who was an attentive listener, admitted that it was, and then the major related this incident which came under his own observation during the war:

"It occurred at the battle of Cedar he began, "and the man who accomplished the daring feat was Captain Charles C. Gray of the 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery. He now lives in Providence. Sheridan, with his dashing bravery and fighting nature, had repulsed Early and driven him down the creek. "There was no rest for the enemy or for

our cavalry. All the way from our camps to Strasburg, a distance of four miles, the pike was strewn with the debris of a beaten army; and the scene in Strasburg itself was such a flood of confused flight and chase, such a chaos of wreck and bedlam of panic, as few other defeats of the war can paral-

"Guns, calssons, ammunition wagons, hundred, with dead or entangled and struggling horses, were jammed into the streets of the little town, impeding alike fugitives the press as best they could, pistoling, sa-

ring and taking prisoners.
"A private of the 5th New York Cavalry, riding up to a wagon, ordered the five men who were in it to surrender; and when they only lashed their horses into a wider gallop he shot two with his revolver and brought in three others.

"The usually gallant and elastic southern infantry was so stupefied by fatigue and cowed by defeat that it seemed like a flock of animals, actually taking no notics of mounted men and officers from our who wandered into the wide confusion of its retreat. "Gray was then lieutenant of Company

D of the 1st Rhode Island Artillery. The day before he had lost the left gun of his six-piece battery on a retreat. On this day I now speak of he had been riding ahead of the skirmish line to see if there were not a possibility of making up for the loss

confederate battery, and, galloping up to it, ordered it to face about. It was a daring thing to de.
"I was told to go to the rear as rapidly

as possible,' remonstrated the sergeant in

"A number of pistors were cocked and almed at Lieutenant Gray.
"'Hold!' he shouted. 'You don't know who I am. I am one of those d—d Yanks. You are surrounded by Union forces, and if a move is made to disobey my order you will be shot down like dogs. Come, countermarch immediately.' termarch immediately."

The battery was countermarched and Gray was leading it off alone, when a squadron of our cavalry came up and made the capture a certainty. It was Gray's daring manner that caused that southern battery to lose its nerve.

"I don't know that I ever heard Gray relate the incident in which he took such a prominent part. He is as modest in peace as he was invincible in fight. should have a medal of honor, and doubtless he will when the matter is brought to the attention of Secretary Alger. Gray was in General Alger's command a part of the time during the war."

Senator Wolcott of Colorado is one of the best-natured members of the upper house in Congress, and he is usually the life of the meetings of those committees of which he is a member. He is always quick to see the humorous side of a question, and very often persists in injecting some ludicrous remark or statement at a time when there

is occasion for most seriousness. Last summer, before Senator Wolcott went abroad on his bimetallism mission, he was a constant attendant at the meetings of the Senate finance committee, which were held at the Arlington. One night, toward midnight, while the committee was still in sesto the committee rooms and said there was some one at the

telephone who wanted to speak with the Celorado senator. sergeant-at-arms was delegated to or and see who it was and how important the matter. He returned shortly and informed the senator that Mrs. Wolcott, who had been out attending a reception, had returned home to find herself locked out and unable to effect an entrance.

"She wants you to come right home and let her in," continued the sergeant-at-Turning to Senator Hoar, who was pre-siding with great dignity, Senator Wolcott said: "Mr. Chairman, can you appreciate how

"Mr. Chairman, can you appreciate how extremely fortunate it was for me that I was not there when she reached home?" Even the staid old father of the Senate could not help smiling at the peculiar situation. Senator Wolcott added that he had heard of men being locked out, but that this was the first instance where such a thing had befallen one of the weaker sex.

* * * * *

There is a newspaper man in Washington who prides himself on his knowledge of

who prides himself on his knowledge of good horses and has a young animal who s very fleet of foot, 'This newspaper man's friends have heard often how this horse has made a mile in 2:18, but they have never had an ocular demonstration of its ability so to do.

But that has very little to do with the worth of this story.

There is a certain institution in Washington where boys and girls are taught the mysteries and intricacies of elocution and physical culture. This fleet-footed horse is stabled in a shed in the rear of the institution. Everything that is said or done in the elocution school may be distinctly heard in the shed.

A few afternoons ago the newspaper man went around to see how his horse was coming on and was amused to find it going through a series of antics and exercises that were truly amusing. At first he thought that the horse was ill and its movements were indicative of great pain. He sat down on a basket in the shed and watched for further developments.

Pretty soon he heard the commands of the teacher in the school and the voices of the class in chorus. He claims with all solemnity that the horse followed every command with a gyration of its own. In other words, his horse has originated a system of equine physical culture. newspaper man says that he will try and have the system introduced in other stables, and hopes to make some money out of it.

"There is something that Washingtonians have seldom seen," said an old-timer the other evening as Abner McKinley turned the corner of 15th and F streets.

"I refer to a brother of a President. Abner McKinley is one of the few men who have ever been brother of a President. That is, so far as Washingtonians know arything about it. Garfield had a brother, but I don't think he ever came to Wasairgton while his brother was in the White House. Grant didn't have a brother, and I believe that Hayes and Arthur were brotherless. That is, we never heard of either having a brother visit him while in office.

"No one I have talked with can remember that Lincoln had a brother visit him in the White House, and the same is true with Buchanan. And I presume there are others. Remember, I don't say that the Presidents I have mentioned were brother-Presidents I have mentioned were brother-less. I merely comment upon the fact that old-time Washingtonians fail to remember that those Presidents had brothers who visited them here while in office and became familiar figures on the streets, as Abner McKinley has done."

"In Washington, Philadelph in street cars are extremely courteous to wemen," said a man who has traveled a good deal. "They invariably offer their seats to women if all the seats are taken.

"In New York it is different. Men keep on reading their papers as if oblivious to the fact that a dozen or more women may be standing in the aisles. I was born in New Orleans, and the men there are courteous by birth, so to see women standing up and men sitting down in the cars in New York caused considerable surprise to me when I first went there.

"It was fully two months before I became accustomed to it, and now I keep my seat, when I am fortunate enough to get one, regardless of who is around me, unless, of course, I see an elderly woman or some one whom I firmly believe needs it

"I am convinced that the reason the men of New York do not show the same gallant spirit toward women in the street cars that they did a generation ago is that the women have become unappreciative. Seldom do you see a woman acknowledge her

appreciation of the favor of a seat.

"Now, a man enjoys knowing that what he has done for another is appreciated, and if he doesn't get that acknowledgment either in one way or another it is only a matter of time before he becomes cal-loused. That's what is the matter with the men of New York.
"I am glad to say that the women of Washington are always appreciative of

street car favors."

* * * * * Monday night a large force of men were working on the street car tracks in 15th street near the treasury building. A couple of dozen old-fashioned tin torches aided in making light for the workingmen.

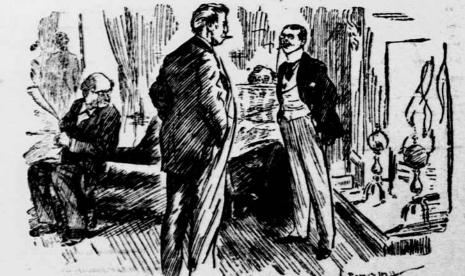
About 10:30 o'clock a prominent downtown merchant, with his wife, came along and stopped. The man looked about him and breathed in deep inhalations: "Come, John, let us hurry on," said the

woman, as she tugged at his coat frock. "Wait a minute, my dear," the man repiled. "I want another smell of that." "Oh, come on, it is too cold to wait here,"

the woman persisted. Then he explained to her. Said he:

"My dear, if you had ever been in the circus business you could appreciate my feelings when I inhale the odor from those torches. When I was a young man I was private secretary to the owner of a circus, and I sold tickets. The odor from those torches brings back to me with distinctness my experiences on the road. When spring comes around I always have a desire to see the red wagons and blue seats, a presume I shall always have those feel-ings."

He took one more deep inhalation and



ales the other day. Talked about his trip to Italy, and the waving onl, but he didn't eatch me, you know. They don't wave!"—Punch

There was a "lean and hungry" look about him as he opened the door of the lunch room and advanced toward the

"I want to see the proprietor," he said, with the air of one born to command. The man behind the desk took in at a glance the heavy fringe on the stranger's pantaloons, the I-have-seen-better-days aspect of his torn coat, and the mutilated and discolored appearance of his hat.

"Well, what'll you have?" he said, shortly, his eyes moving suggestively toward the door and back again to the stranger. "Sir," said the latter, straightening himself and proudly throwing back his head, "you see before you a gentleman to the manner born, who has just returned from the Klond---"

"That's enough!" interrupted the pro-prietor, and there was a coldness in his voice that reminded the stranger of an Alaska bliszard he had read about. "There's the door," went on the man be-hind the desk, pointing toward that aper-ture.

"Surely I am at liberty to ask a civil question," remarked the stranger, in an injured tone. "I merely wanted to know the price of a square meal."
"Twenty-five cents, and in advance!" snapped the proprietor.
The stranger sighed and stepped back a

The stranger sighed and stepped back a pace. "Unfortunately for me at the present moment, I gave my last half dollar to a poor man last night who was in search of a lodging; but, gentleman to the manner, born though I am, I can work. Isn't there something I can do to earn a meal?"

"I think I showed you the door once," said the proprietor, bouncing up from his seat.

seat.
"One moment," said the stranger, edging regretfully toward the door. "I no-tice that your place is in one of the older buildings in the city, and it occurs to me that perhaps the rats are a source of anyance to you."
"Well, what if they are?" asked the pro-

prietor, pausing abruptly.

A new light shone in the stranger's eyes, and the gentleman to the manner born instinct showed itself in the graceful bow he

Because I am a great rat exterminator. Give me a square meal and I am ready to kill the vermin, wipe them out." The proprietor seemed impressed. He hesitated only a moment, and then bade the stranger to be seated. An hour afterward the stranger sat back in his chair with sigh of contentment as he finished

"Here is 10 cents," he said to the waiter. "but I am a gentleman to the manner born, and spurn the thought of giving you so small a sum," and he returned the dime to his pocket. "Now for the rat killing," he muttered, rising from his seat.
"I am going to ask you for a biscuit roll-

er," he said suavely to the proprietor.
When that implement was brought he rolled up his sleeves in a business-like manner, and looking at those who were crowded around him, "Are you ready to go ahead?" he asked. "Certainly," said the proprietor, a little

puzzled.
"Well, I'm ready, too. Just waltz out your rats and I'll kill them, according to

the letter of my contract."

The neighbors didn't know just what was happening, but it seemed like a merrygo-round was in operation within the restaurant. Half an hour later the proprietor
was caressing his eye with a piece of raw
beefsteak and a tall, soldierly man was
walking down the street. Part of his coattail was gone and he looked as if he with tail was gone and he looked as if he might have been used temporarily as a patent floor scrubber, but his face was illuminated with a seraphic smile, such as arises only from a clear conscience and a full

A STEER'S STRANGE DEATH.

His Horns Grew Through His Eyes and Killed Him.

A squatter in the back blocks of New South Wales had a young steer with horns so perfectly turned that they formed two artistic loops at the sides of his head. One day "Boss" strayed with a mob of store cattle into a piece of wild country infested only by kangaroos and the out-station a lighter, though, larger one, and for ordinary rescues a device known as the breeches buoy was adopted. By this agency two persons may be taken ashore at a time, and when the number on board is boundary riders' families.

These cattle are rounded up and otherwise handled but once a year. Before this annual yarding took place "Boss" had beman in that range. He had terrifled and scattered the herd that was once his mates; he had charged madly every kind person who was wont to pat him. Because his horns curled like those of a sheep he was called "Sheep Head." His mild, tractable nature added to this delusion of likening him to a lamb. Six months after his entrance upon the range he began to ac strangely. A wild look shot out of his eye under the points of the ingrowing horns, whose shadow fell heavier and heavier up-on the retina. He constantly shook his head, as if trying to rid himself of some annoyance. Then "Boss" would stand and stare at the points which were pressing the pupils rearly up against the sockets. He became more irritable and unfriendly. He roared, stamped, shook his crazed head and stared at the creeping things before

vision.
last "Boss" went mad and bellowed through the right like an enraged demon He chased everything in sight, and vicious-ly dashed himself against the forest trees. The mere tramp of a foot angered him. The points of the horns were cruelly pressing his helpless eyes back in their sockets, and every jar upone the ground tortured his brain and enraged him. "Boss" had scat-tered the mob of his ruminating mates and had so terrorized the few people about that fences did not give a sense of security. Wo-men and children lived in mortal dread of

the unfortunate beast.
At length his maddened roar was heard no more. About a month after that the out-boundary rider went out with dogs and a Winchester rifle to end the suffering of "Sheep Head Boss." After searching for two days the bullock was found. "Boss" was dead. He was lying under a clump of acacla, less sweet than their blossoms. He had evidently been dead for a week or more and had been blind for months. The had grown into the eyes and almost touched the bone of the skull behind. The head the poor beast was as strange an object as ever was seen.

The horns of "Boss" were never curved

by any art. They grew as nature directed their fatal tips, and, unless sent to the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, England, the preserved head still hangs upon the door of the Darling out-station, where 'Bose" lived and died.

LAW OF SELF-DEFENSE.

Where Protection Ends and Revenge Begins.

From the London Mail. The right of self-defense is by some old writers declared to be inherent in all men by the law of nature. Now these "natural rights" are all very well, but they are not recognized by the law of Great Britain. It is the law that a man may defend himself, his wife, child, or servant, from physical aggression. He may also repel by force fercible attack upon his property. When you, or your wife, child, or servant is attacked, or threatened with violence in such a manner as reasonably to lead you to believe that violence is about to be used, you may resist the aggressor. And as the best mode of resistance is very often to attack, you may lawfully follow the advice given by an old prize fighter to a pupil, i.e., "get in the first whack." But selflefense must be moderate. It must not be totally disproportioned to the attack. For instance, if a hulking ruffian runs at me with a knife (says the "Family Lawyer" for February), I may shoot him. But if he runs at me merely with his fists clenched, and I shoot him dead with a revolver, I shall probably be hanged by the neck. Not that the law expects a man to be calm and cool and collected in all circumstances. cool and collected in all circumstances. By no means. For instance, if the said burly ruffian rushes at me with clenched fists, evidently meaning mischief, and I hit him with a heavy stick on the back of the ear. I may kill him. But I shall not be hanged for that. I had a right to use the stick; and in the circumstances I am not to be supposed to be cool enough to aim for a spot not likely to be fatal. Again, self-defense must not develop into revenge. Thus, if I am threatened with a knife, and by the timely display of a pistol I frighten my assailant so that he runs away, I must not shoot after him. If I do, I am just as liable as though he had never threatened me, because I shoot at him not in self-defense, but by way of punishment or revenge.

"You seem to have omitted all descrip-tion of your heroine's looks," said the pub-"Yes," said the author, moodily, "I had res, said the author, moodily, "I had a lot of stuff about her looks, but as soon as you told me you were determined to have the story illustrated by Glibston I cut it out. He'd make her look the same as all his other women, no matter how I described her."

All Alike.

WAS TO THE MANNER BORN A SHOT WITH A HISTORY PATRIOTISM FOR REVENUE

A twenty-four pound round shot, with s "Say," said the seedy-looking man, walkshort chain attached, now lying on the ing up to the group of citizens standing on table of General Superintendent Kimball the street corner and exchanging views as of the life-saving service, calls up a noted to what a simple thing it would be for the occurrence long since forgotten, except by a few old people, which was in its time a celebrated case. The tail is no less than the first shot ever fired an the United States

United States to blow the rest of the world off of the map in case of hostilities—"say, I wish you gentlemen would tell me, honest the first shot ever fired an the United States United States to blow the rest of the world Injun, cross your hearts and hope to die, if for the purpose of saying life, and after performing its most suble service it lay for over twenty years in the bottom of the you don't think it would be the bounder duty of every right-minded and patriotic citizen of arm-carrying age to offer his services to Uncle Sam in case we happened On the 26th of December, 1849, the British ship Ayrahire sattle from Newry, Ireland, bound for hew York, with 202 persons on board, mostly limmigrants, seeking to get tangled up with any effete foreign

"That's what!" the citizens chorused in reply to the seedy man. "Well, that's what I've been think ing myself right along," the stranger went on confidentially, "and I am

genuinely glad to happen upon a body of representative citizens who are of the same mind. While the time has perhaps not yet arrived for us to have our names enrolled, it's a good thing for us all names enrolled, it's a good thing for us all to be on record as being willing to sacrifice homes and firesides in defense of our glori-ous country when the call is issued."

"And that's the right kind of talk, too," said the citizens in unison.

"Not, gentlemen, but what in my own case, individually and personally," the seedy man proceeded, "I might find myself somewhat hampered, should the summons to the field of action reach us right here and now as we stand, by the fact that, ow-ing to a series of unfortunate circumstances over which I have had no control, I really over which I have had no control, I really have not dined for four full days. Just at this moment, therefore, willing and even eager as I should be to shoulder a musket or clank a cutlass in aid of this smiling land of ours, I fear that I might find myself out of condition physically to give a very excellent account of myself on the field or deck of battle. To serve it out to you dead straight, gentlemen as the phrese you dead straight, gentlemen, as the phrase runs, I feel myself so internally depleted that I honestly believe that any middling strong Spanish soldier of seventeen years strong Spanish soldier of seventeen years of age would have no difficulty whatever in picking me up and throwing me over a trocha four miles wide with one hand tied behind his back and without half trying with the other. Gentlemen, I surge with patriotism, and I rage inwardly at the continuous that a degenerate race attempts to tumely that a degenerate race attempts to thrust upon us as a whole people; and when I reflect that but one solitary square meal would put me in prime condition to resent, in common with my co-patriots, these unheard-of insults, why, gentlemen—"

And when every man in the group dug up his little quarter, the seedy man gave them a salute of the chapsen that was worth.

a salute of the chapeau that was worth every cent of the donation. "When the call comes, gentlemen," he said, "you'll find I'll be enrolled all right

and if I won't be able to eat up any two dozen uniformed snipes of Spanish kid soldlers without cayenne or tobasco sauce an appetizer, it won't be owing to your lack of generosity or patriotism.

EATEN BY SHARKS.

Tragle Fate of an Aeronaut in shore that dug away the sand and once more exposed the skeleton of the old wreck Havana Harbor.

"Havana harbor is as jammed full of man-cating sharks as the Upper Orinoco is of alligators," said a Washington man who lived for several years in the Cuban capital, "and, although it is a sorry enough thing to have to say, I cannot believe that many of the bodies of the poor fellows who lost their lives in the Maine disaster will be cast up on the beach. Aside from the big man-eaters that infest the harbors of the islands in the South Pacific, close to the line, I don't believe the waters of the whole world hold any more ravenous or feroclous sharks than those that make sea bathing in Havana harbor a luxury that is indulged in only by the most reckless and foolhardy men. The so-called man-eaters of northern waters, big and ugly as they look, are generally as rank cowards of the sea as coyotes are of the land, and a whole school of sharks of the temperate zone will scoot from a level-headed man who keeps up a steady kicking and splashing in the water, like a pack of released rats scurrying from a terrier. But the sharks of Havana harfor scarcely a week passes that some silly Havana man or boy does not get himself gobbled up by the man-eaters—and the fact is no longer disputed by seafaring men that once a shark acquires an appetite for human beings, he will risk

anything afterward to appease that appe ing, six years ago, the anniversary of the birth of the young King of Spain, the next biggest feature of the blowout after the bull fights was a balloon ascension by a Spanish aeronaut named Ramon Margulies. I was spending the holiday on an electric launch with a party of friends, and in the afternoon we watched for the ascension. Along about 4 o'clock we saw the balloon shoot into the air from one of the minor plazas, with Margulies, dressed in gymnast's tights, hanging by his legs from the trapeze suspended beneath the basket. The air was very still, and the aeronaut had apparently figured on making a reasonably high straight-up ascent, and then, by pulling the escape valve, to descend within the city or on its out-skirts. As he must have known how thickly the harbor was infested with sharks, he could certainly not have se-riously entertained the thought of letting his balloon descend in the harbor.

"At any rate, when his balloon reached an altitude of about half a mile, we could see that it had swam into a current of air that plainly began to carry it over the harbor. With the aid of our glasses we could perceive the aeronaut climbing from the trapeze into the basket, and, a moment or so after, he disappeared from view, it became apparent to us that he view, it became apparent to us that he had pulled the escape valve, for the balloon began to rapidly descend, but by the time the valve was opened the upper air current had carried the balloon well over the waters of the bay. The engineer of our launch, at my direction, started four bells for the spot in the water where we figured the balloon would descend, for we all knew that the aeronaut would not be long in the water before the sharks not be long in the water before the sharks got after him. The balloon came down too swiftly, however, for the launch to be of any assistance to Margulies. We were two hundred yards away when basket of the almost collapsed balloon struck the water. Just before the basket touched the water Margulies appeared or its edge and dived head first into the har bor, in order, apparently, to prevent his becoming entangled with the basket netbecoming entangled with the basket net-ting. We saw his head bob up once, and we put on all power to reach him with the launch. But when he saw a dozen big man-eaters' fins cleaving the water straight for the spot where the unfortu-nate aeronaut's head had appeared, we knew that it was all up with him. He did not show at the surface again, and when we reached the spot where he had jumped in we saw nothing but little eddies of blood on the surface of the water. The sharks had torn him to pieces." had torn him to pieces."

By Way of Illustration. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Mr. Trimmer," said the artless girl, what is a lablal salutation?"

"Wh-why," stammered Mr. Trimmer, "I-

then, sent down mere because it s a down-town school house, just to impress visitors.'
"Not much they ain't,' says he. 'All the school teachers in this town are pretty enough to eat and just as nice as they are watty. There alli't anything but fine-look-I-that is, I might per-perhaps illustrate it, b-but I d-don't think-" "Why not, Mr. Trimmer? Here is a pencil and paper-please show me." ing folks living in Washington, anyhow, says he.

"Well, say, I didn't believe him when he said that all the leachers in all the schools were just as attractive as those I had seen, and so the next morning, before office hours, we hustled around on our bikes to three schools jush before school 'took in,' and blamed if I saw a single teacher in the lot that wasn't pretty and sweet looking enough for a fellow to marry out of hand on the spot. I wrote home and told my sisters out west about this, and they've been writing back to me and telling me that I'm in a trance and must be mistaken. But I'm not mistaken. I don't want to see any nicer looking girls than the school teachers of this town, and you hear me a-talking."

Mr. Trimmer trembled with agitation. He was a decidedly bashful young man. "I am such a poor hand at Illustrating," he murmured. "Please, Mr. Trimmer."

"Well," he gasped, "if you will promise to shut your eyes while I'm doing the d-drawing, I'll t-try." The pretty girl closed her eyes, the wick-ed Trimmer leaned triumphantly forward, there was a long drawn chee-chee-cheep,

and all was over. "Why, Mr. Tri "Why, Mr. Trimmer," said the pretty girl, as her eyes flew open, "is that what it "Yes, yes," cried the frightened youth
"It &, indeed. I'll get the Webster and show you."
"Never mind about the Webster," said
the lovely girl, "Trimmer is good enough And then their mutual understanding wa

Father-"Has the young man any pr Dects?"



Written for The Evening Star. Self-Satisfaction n a spot not yet marked on the African

map Dwells a monarch of dusky hue; swarthy, exceedingly amiable chap, The King of "Bizambazoo." And he plays a guitar which is made

from a gourd-The finest, of course, that the land can afford.

And this is the song That he carols long To cheer an admiring and affable horde: 'Oh, Spain may be proud, but she's getting

in debt, And Italy's oft in a pickle. And Russia and England annoyance have met

And Germany's kaiser's quite fickle. And Austria's emperor thought he resign And France has a hullaballoo, So, between you and me, I am lucky to be The King of Bizambazoo."

And they joined in the chorus, most tlithe ly uproarious, A jocund and lusty crew. And made their remarks both succinct and sonorous.

As savages sometimes do And the king, though his voice in the dia was sunk.

Still smote the strings with a bland "plunkplunk." It was plain to see Some facts brought glee,

From which if civilized they'd have strunk. 'We cannot pretend to be haughty like Spain, Nor to Italy's frequent adventures,

Nor England nor Russia's great genius for gain, Nor Germany's eloquent censures. We never see Austria's moments of ire

Nor France's exciting ado; But we're glad to remain simple subjects and plain Of the King of Bizambazoo."

A Ready Explanation.

The man who was addressing a real estate agent had mud all over the lower part of his pantaloons. He looked weary, but his manner of speech had the energy which indignation imparts.

"Is there anything we can do for you?" the agent had inquired when he first entered the office.

"Haven't you done enough?" he exploded. 'Aren't you satisfied? Do you wish to give me knock-out drops and drop me over a precipice?. You rented me a house in the suburbs, didn't you?" "Oh, you are the-"

"Yes, sir; I'm he. I'm the man who was feel enough to look at a map and some pictures and buy a house in the suburbs simply because it was cheap, and I was in a hurry to get settled. I'm the only man I ever heard of who did such a thing. Ex-

He dropped into a chair and looked out much even for a burro to "I'm sure you found everything as rep resented."

'I'm glad for your sake that you're sure. wish you could convince ma."
"About what point are you in doubt?"
"You said that the nouse was only thr se was only three minutes' walk from the station.

"Well, I have timed it both ways; going because I didn't know any better and com-ing because there wasn't any possible way of getting a conveyance. And you call that weary, toilsome gallop a three-min-utes' walk!"

"Are you trying to make me think that Ananias was only an amateur?"
"I can't be held responsible for your misinterpretations, sir."
"You said 'three minutes' though."

Certainly, sir. But what I had refer ence to was geographic minutes, each of which is about one-sixtleth of a degree, or one geographic mile."

A Verbal Confusion.

The hall was empty, but the door was not locked, and the citizen from the country walked in. It was late in the afternoor when he arrived, and almost dark when a brisk young man came in, and, after a few desultory remarks concerning the methods of janitors, lit the gas and began to move the piano around. The countryman arose, and shuffled his feet, so as to attract attention. "Did you wish to see me?" asked the

say, I think it was you as I wished to see But not never havin' seen you before, so's to be sure, I couldn't exackly say."
"Do you wish to join our organization?"

"No," was the answer, in tones of in-creasing doubt. "I don't want to git into the stock company. All I want is to git a hired man to do chores," "But, sir, this is not an intelligence of-

"He doesn't have to be intelligent. The trouble weth the last one was thet he knowed too much."
"I don't believe we can accommodate

you," the other remarked, as he turned "Now, look here, young man. I didn't come here to rile you, an' I don't want you to rile me. I'm willin' to go into any arangement you want to make forestiri." to rile me. I'm willin' to go into any arrangement you want to make fur gittin' them there chores off my hands. When I seen your sign I says to myself, 'There's an institution that knows a long-felt want

institution that knows a long-felt want when it sees it, an' orter be incouraged.' That sign of your'n, sir, may be your personal property; but it hain't got no right to mislead people."

"But, my dear sir, our sign has nothing to do with chores."

"What's the reason? There it is as plain as day-c-h-o-r-a-l society'-an' ef a choral society ain't a society fur lookin' after chores, will you have the politeness to tell me whut it is fur?"

The Force of Habit. "My friend," said the benevolent citi-

zen, "you ought to break away from your present mode of existence." "Mister," replied Meandering Mike, "you've sounded de key note of me ambitions. I'm tired o' dis life." "I'm glad to hear you say so,"

"Yes, sir. I've teen doin' me best to live on no meals a day fur de last thirty-six hours, an' I'm willin', wit de help of any-

t'ing from ten cents up, ter reform."
"I am afraid that it is habit that brought you to this. Beware of habit!"
"Looky 'ere, mister. You don't need to warn me. I'm as seyart of habit as anybody dat travels. I know wot habit'il do fur a man. I had a friends oncet dat got

a job."

"And he lost it?"

"No, sir. He got in de habit o' workin'.
An' now he don't do nothin' day in an' day out excep' go to work in de mornin', work all day an' go home at night ter git a little sleep so's he'll be able to work nex' day. It's dat way right along, only on Sunday, an' den dey locks 'Im out'n de shop."

A Busy Thoroughfare.

Why turn to pages where in print Through chapters long and dreary Romancers drawl and prate and hint While men read on aweary?

Brings ruddy hope or pallor, Are knights who win or fail in strife And ladies worth their valor. What tales of cunning and deceir

Here in the crowd where busy life

Or generous endeavor

Are told as they pass down the street And disappear forever. So rest, my book, within your nook; Your spell falls lightly o'er me.

DRINKS WITH THE BOY

On deeper marvels I would look

That dally pass before me.

Burro Which Has Become Such a Drunkard That His Case is Hopeless, From the St. Louis Republic.

For over a year past Dr. Farrell, the United States veterinarian, who is located in this city, has been the owner of a burro whose appetite for strong drink would shame a levee roustabout. So much trouble did this little brute with a freak appetite give him that he decided to dispose of him in such a manner that the little animal could disgrace him no more. Yesterday he gave him away to some little friends who live in the West End, and as the place where he will henceforth make his home is not near a saloon, and no one in the family drinks, Dr. Farrell has hopes for the depraved beast.

This strange animal rejoices in the name of "Klondike." Aside from his being a drunkard his habits are good, and he is a handsome little animal, with the exception of his front legs. His appearance would irdicate that nature had been undecided as to how to finish that portion of him and had changed her mind several times while the said legs were being constructed. They the said legs were being constructed. They have three or four separate and distinct curves, and give him a very ludicrous appearance as he walks. The deformity is pearance in him when he gets on one of very useful to him when he gets on one of his drunks, for his staggering is often at-tributed to the shape of his legs.

For about six months after Dr Farrell cuse me for a minute while I sit down here not show up again until late 'hat night.

on his return he had a load that was too much even for a burro to carry, and after staggering into the stable he fell in a heap on the floor, and had to be carried back to his stall. At first it was thought that he was sick, but after he had been lifted to his feet several times and had staggered around the stable two or three times his true condition became known. An investigation as to his actions revealed the fact that he had walked into Rothschild's saloon, on the next corner, and stack his nose up on the bar, where several people were drinking beer. One of the men, as a joke, poured some beer into his mouth. It was a joke that the burro appreciated, for he drank the beer with avidity and kept his muzzle on the bar until more beer was poured into him. The rounders who had treated him took the burro with them to a number of saloons in the neighborhood, and every time they drank they treated the burro. During the afternoon they tried him with whisky, and he seemed to like that as well as he did the beer. He finally accumulated such a jag that he was unable to walk, and laid down to sleep it off. He woke up in the alley back of Wand's stable several hours later, and was sober enough to make his way to the front door.

He woke up in the alley back of Wand's stable several hours later, and was sober enough to make his way to the front door.

Since then he has gone out at every apportunity and got drurk. He finally became so bad that Dr. Farrell felt that he was a disgrace to the neighborhood. At first he thought of giving him the Keeley treatment, but abandoned the idea, and concluded to send him away from the place where he knew so many drinkers. So the where he knew so many drinkers. So the burro was sent to the coal yard of Watts & Co., at the corner of Jefferson and Scott avenues. For awhile he behaved himself and did not get drunk. Finally, however, he made the acquaintance of a lot of rounders, who would take him out and get him gloriously drunk and then send him home. Of late he has become so bad that he would sneak out two or three times every week and have to be hauled home in a wagon to sleep off his jag.

Can't Tell Their Husbands Apart From the Detroit Tribune.

"Jim Hisey, aged forty-eight, is a prosperous grain dealer in Yale. He has a wife, two sons and a daughter. Will Hisey, aged forty-eight, his brother, lives at Sparta. He is also married. The two men are twins, and all through life have been the living duplicates of each other. So near alike are they that even their wives cannot tell them apart. They dress alike, their voices are alike and their hair and neustaches have the same color and curls. When boys they had to be tagged so that their parents and teachers would know the difference. When Jim gets a crick in the back Will is liable to have the same complaint, and when Will gets the rheumatism Jim also gets it precisely in the same place. They were formerly both engaged in the milling business and served an apprentice-ship under the same man. They were born in western Ontario, their parents being Jacob and Betsy Hisey. Jim's wife has only one way in which she can tell her husband from his brother. He has a slight curve in one of his fingers, which has to be held up When boys they had to be tagged so that one of his fingers, which has to be held up in full view. Then be must give a pass-word before he is received into full fellow-ship of the home circle. Many amusing in-stances of mistaken identity are told of the

Knowledge.

Yeast-"That boy of Sharpley's is a bright boy, isn't he?" Crimsonbeak .- "Yes; but he'll know me

